

2Pac Lyrics

"Intro"

[Reporter:]

Good Evening.

*[*sirens in the background*]*

I'm reporting live from Sunset Boulevard where many excited fans have gathered with candles *[*crowd starts chanting "2Pac"]* awaiting the much anticipated release, of 2Pac Shakur's latest album, Better Dayz.

This is yet another post-humous release by 2Pac which, raises the question

"Where are these songs coming from?"

It's interesting how the message in these songs is still relevant today.

Even in his death he's touching people with his lyrics.

I can feel the energy in the air as they count down to midnight when the album will officially be released.

Oh, hold on. I think they're starting to countdown now.

[Crowd:]

5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Writer(s): Jamarese De'angelo Arkeas Coleman

2Pac Lyrics

"Still Ballin"

(feat. Trick Daddy)

[2Pac:]

Straight motherfuckin' ballin', part 2

Still ballin', Westside!

[2Pac:]

Now, ever since a nigga was a seed

Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary

Still ballin', ridin' on these niggas 'cause they lame

In a '61 Chevy, still heavy in this game

Can you feel me? Blame it on my mama, I'm a thug nigga

Up before the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers

Tell me if it's on, nigga, then we first to bomb

Bust on these bitch-made niggas, hit 'em up, Westside!

Ain't nobody loved me as a broke nigga

Finger on the trigger, Lord forgive me if I smoke niggas

I love my females strapped, then fuck her from the back

I get my currency in stacks, California is where I'm at ridin'

Passed by while these niggas wondered why

I got shot but didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try

Did I cry? Hell nah, nigga, tears shed, for all my homies in the pen, many peers dead; a nigga still ballin'

[2Pac (Trick Daddy):]

Still ballin' until I die (until I die)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')

Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

[Trick Daddy:]

Now, as I kneel and pray I hope the Lord understand

When he's gone, devolve, I become a dangerous man

Ain't crazy or deranged, I'm sayin'

But when these kids go to spray 'em, boy, won't be playin'

With clientele, any rhyme sales

Question is: Will you fuck-niggas ride for real, huh?

Bitch nigga, this is G-rated

Plus your homeboy won't make it, street game Fugazi

I'm elevated to the top of this shit

Done fucked around and put me and 2Pac on the bitch

And you can tell 'em "Thug Life" was the reason for this

And I ride for any nigga who believe in the shit; still ballin'

[2Pac:]

Until the day I die

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

Niggas wonder why

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

[2Pac:]

Now everybody wanna see us dead

Two murdered on the front page

Shot to death, bullets to the head

Niggas holla out my name and it's similar to rape

Motherfuckers know I'm comin', so they runnin' to they graves

Watch! Swoop down with my nigga from the Pound

'Cause Trick don't give a fuck

Where you coward niggas now?

Blast, keep pumpin', ain't worried about nothin'

Busters thought we was frontin'

So reload and keep dumpin'; still ballin'

[2Pac (Trick Daddy):]

(I'm still ballin') 'til the day I die ('til I die)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')

Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

'Til the day I die (still ballin')

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

Niggas wonder why (tell 'em!)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin', until the day I die

(Thug life), still ballin'

Motherfucker, still ballin'

Straight motherfuckin' ballin'

Thanks to wazzzaaaas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Maurice, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Pimental Francisco

2Pac Lyrics

"When We Ride On Our Enemies"

Fugees! Fugees and Mobb Deep
Tryin' to diss now too, huh?!
Hahaha! Well, I ain't prejudiced
I don't give a fuck
This is what it sounds like
When we ride on our enemies
Biatch! When we ride on our enemies

Hey, got some static for some niggas on the other side of town
Let my little cousin K roll, he's a rider now
What they want from us motherfuckin' thug niggas?
Used to love niggas, now I plug niggas, and slug niggas
Am I wrong? Niggas makin' songs, tryin' to get with us
Must be gone on stress weed, in the West we trust
To the chest I bust, then we ride 'til the sun come
Shinin' back to brighten up the sky; how many die?
Heard the Fugees was tryin' to do me
Look, bitch: I'll cut your face, this ain't no motherfuckin' movie
Then, we watch the other two die slow
Castrated entertainin' at my motherfuckin' sideshow
Bam! Set my plan in mo'
Time to exterminate my foes; I can't stand you hoes
Uh, now label this my fuckin' trick shot
My lyrics runnin' all you cowards out of hip-hop
When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies
I bet you motherfuckers die
When we ride on our enemies
When we ride on our enemies
Bet all you motherfuckers die
When we ride on our enemies

Come take a journey through my mind's eye
You crossed the game, don't explain
Nigga, time to die; say goodbye
Watch my eyes when I pull the trigger
So right before you die, you bow before a bigger nigga
Now dry your eyes, you was heartless on your hits
Niggas love to scream "Peace!" after they start some shit
Pay attention, here's a word to those that robbed me
I murder you, then I run a train on Mobb Deep
Don't fuck with me!
Nigga, you're barely livin', don't you got sickle cell?
See me have a seizure on stage, you ain't feelin' well
Hell, how many niggas wanna be involved?
See, I was only talkin' to Biggie, but I'll kill all of y'all, then ball
Then tell Da Brat to keep her mouth closed
Fuck around and get tossed up by the fuckin' Outlawz
Before I leave, make sure everybody HEARD

Know I meant every motherfuckin' word
When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies
Make sure everybody die
When we ride, on our enemies
When we ride on our enemies, hehe
I make sure everybody die
When we ride, on our enemies

2Pac Lyrics

"Changed Man"

(feat. Johntá Austin, T.I.)

[2Pac:]

Shit, I'm a changed man

Ay, turn the lights out

Big baller 2Pac up in this bitch

Y'know how we swing this shit, look

[2Pac:]

By age sixteen I sold to dopefiends

Not yet a drug dealer, but I watched 'em closely

Until they noticed me

I got the feds wonderin' who broke the law

Far too inhibited for gun smoke, I broke his jaw

Words harder than a fuckin' diamond

Mobile phone call to Simon

Niggas trippin' homey, when we ridin'?

Fuck them slowly like Jodeci

And stick a needle in my eye if I don't live and die for M.O.B

And fuck your homeboys nigga we can drop the guns

I hit your block and we can box for fun

Nigga one on one, last to fall is a ballin' cat

It's Death Row, why the fuck you think we call it that?

So if you knew me in my past life

Don't act like we homeboys, ain't no love in the fast life

I switch gears on them jealous bitches, who do you fear?

The game plan of a changed man, so what I'm sayin' is

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider

(Fuckin' with a changed man)

I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it

(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)

All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up

You go and drink the Henn' up

(You fuckin' with a changed man)

A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man

[T.I.:]

In drop top, the Glock cocked

Got rocks in my socks Cops

Spot Watt niggas but hardly stop niggas

Not if they got niggas, dough boys and hot niggas

Who mighta shot niggas but only by skrilla

I'm for respect nowadays they expect me

to be in a Ferrari or the old SL

Or anything you see flashing past and can't catch

Dat's me, gauge on the Escalate back seat - don't creep

Oh what you think, T.I.P. and them sweet? (Don't sleep)

Get you hit from your head to your feet (And you don't know me)

I'm fin' ta introduce you to the old me

You walk in, exploded and leave reload
You don't like a rugged nigga, fuck you, blow me
But you will respect me or get it in your neckpiece G
No three niggas here are gonna let me be
or get you inside there's codes to the streets nigga

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man
You fuckin' with a changed man

[2Pac:]

A nigga so cold when I flow, bow down to Death Row
Three wheel motion, comin' through coastin'
Who's that nigga in the G-ride
Screamin' out M.O.B.! Nigga we ride
I hit the charts like a stick-up kid
Number 1 in the nation
I fucked the world, the Judge gave me probation
Faced with incarceration
Move tapes like it's big weight, slangin' to the whole nation
GIMME MINE, or I'm blastin' on every song
Murder my enemies, I'm mashin' until I'm gone
One love to my thug niggas
And fuck a bitch, cause a true sister love niggas
Throw yo' hands in the air, close your eyes and hope
Never come against the mass of smoke, on Death Row
My adversaries BLEED
But fuck 'em all 'til the talk cease
Fuckin' with a changed man

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)

[Overlapping:]

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
You fuckin' with a changed man
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
You fuckin' with a changed man

A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man
You fuckin' with a changed man

[2Pac:]

E'rybody think they understand me
Shit, you niggas don't know me
Y'all know that nigga on the rap song
Y'all know that nigga in the movies
You don't know this nigga in 3-D
Real live right up against you in front of yo' face
Shit.
Westside, Outlaw Immortalz, hehehe
Nigga, you fuckin' with a changed man
Hahaha, you fuckin' with a changed man
Hahaha, I ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man
We ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man
We ain't the same, fuckin' with a changed man
Changed man

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck Em All"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (singers):]

You a what? Bad Boy Killaz
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Hahaha, yeah, nigga, fuck 'em all!
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Fuck all you muthafuckers!
Ayo, Biggie, put your hands up!

[2Pac:]

Now, I can make it happen
My rappin' is similar to mothafuckers when they scrappin'
Blast and watch 'em back up
Notorious Biggie killer, affiliation with Death Row
Niggas get their caps pealed back, fool, this the West Coast
Bitch, you misdemeanor, I'm raisin' hell like felonies
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these
Intoxicated, we duplicated but never faded
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'
Got a Mercedes for these tricks, that thought I quit
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my dick
Go to a club in a pack, I'm smokin' bud in the back
I wait for niggas to trip 'cause, bitch, I love to scrap
Mama raised me as a thug nigga, with love niggas
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer
I went from rocks to zines, writin' raps and movies
I went from trustin' these tricks
Now they all want to sue me, so fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]

(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

[Kadafi:]

Now, could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin' peak?
Even the baddest be gettin' murdered in they seats
I'm addicted to these streets, like crack is to these creeps
Seein' visions of a prison, wake up screamin' in my sleep
Is there a heaven in this hell? A possibility of livin' well?
But if they killin' me, I get my stripes and whose to tell
Choosin' to sell, I'd rather die and be deceased
World mob figure addicted to these fuckin' streets

[E.D.I.:]

Now, put your muthafuckin' hands up if you's a rider (Ride)
Niggas ain't killers so they hidin' (Why?)
Fuck 'em all, touch 'em all; that's the way that we do it
Ride up, hop the fuck out, watch that bitch nigga lose it

Man, I'm as strong as this game, ya'll be knowin' my name
A young high strung thug nigga created by pain
Livin' my life in the fast lane, gettin' fucked by the past
Got my mind on my cash
And my next piece of ass, so fuck 'em all!

[*Young Noble (singers):*]
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
I do my dirt all by my lonely
Don't need no phony homie to call me
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Nigga, we Outlaw riders
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'

[*2Pac:*]
I got glad bags with enemies, cut up so they remember me
Soaked up in Hennessy, so they relatives know it's me
You can bet your last dollar, I'll dick 'em and holla
Ridin' these hoochies like they some heavy ass Chevy impalas
Jump up and get your ass shot up
For my profit pick my Glock up
I'm bustin' with self-defense, you see
Poppin' nobody got 'em, holla
Outlaw riders, mash up on the gas pedal
Vacate the scene, count the cash and stash the precious metal
Here come the coppers, the S.W.A.T. team and the helicopters
Them crackers is crazy, why? 'Cause they'll never stop us
I watched Arnold Schwarzenegger bust somebody in a movie
Now I want to do it too, ooh, ooh
Niggas is too through, true to the game
I claim Outlaw riders, we give a fuck what they try, I'm...

[*Young Noble:*]
'Cause Young Noble behind it
Can you picture me stickin' niggas for they watch and chain?
Kick back, lil' nigga, and watch the game
Get your mob rocked and what-not
We keep it poppin', like a drug spot
The streets know what's hot, trust me

[*Napoleon:*]
Even my hood call me "baby Malcolm X"
With the TEC's, shower some slugs on 'em
I've got a brother, don't rest and he keeps some drugs on him
Always in grind mood, hustle to find food
Ever seen Faces of Death? That's what my 9 do

[*Kastro:*]
I keep my mind on my money, and my money on my mind
With my back against the wall, like I'm runnin' outta time

Even rap with a gat, I must be goin' out my mind
Like I'm up against the world, this guerrilla team of mine
Screamin', "Thug Life, bitch, fuck 'em all!" and die for 'em
Even if the last nigga left I'ma ride for 'em
Feel me? Until they kill me, that's how I'm rollin'
"Fuck 'em all, let them die!" – that's my slogan; fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
I do my dirt all by my lonely
Don't need no phony homie to call me
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Nigga, we Outlaw riders
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Jackson
Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Never B Peace"

(feat. Kastro, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]

Now of course I want peace on the streets, but realistically
Paintin' perfect pictures ain't never worked, my misery
Was so deep, couldn't sleep through all my pressures
In my quest for cash I learned fast, usin' violent measures
 Memories of adolescent years, there was unity
 But after puberty, we brought war to our community
 So many bodies droppin', it's gotta stop, I wanna help
But still I'm steppin', keep my weapon, must protect myself
The promise of a better tomorrow ain't never reached me
Plus my teachers was too petrified in class to teach me
 Sippin' Thunderbird and grape Kool-Aid, callin' Earl
Since my stomach was empty it seduced me to fuck the world
 Watch my lil' homies lose they childhoods to guns
 Nobody cries no more, 'cause we all die for fun
So why you ask me if I want peace if you can't grant it?
 Niggas fightin' across the whole planet
 So it could never be peace

[2Pac:]

Will there ever be peace, or are we all, just headed for doom?
 Still consumed by the beast?
 And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
 'Cause there could never be peace

[Kastro:]

Somebody owes me. Will they control me? Not
 I ain't a hater player, but I want all you got
Y'all babies had babies, now we fightin' each other
 My dawgs got rabies, they bitin' each other
 And it ain't hard to find a friend like mine
 Bigfully is a bullet and he don't mind dyin'
 And I gotta be blind, missed sign after sign
 Time after time after time after time
 And I don't like nobody, they don't like me more
And I'm good with that finally, but they heard it before
 Dawg, we livin' in a prison, losin' our religion
 On Thanksgivin' we thankful, just for livin' in Hell
 Damn, homie, I don't mean to be harsh
 But there's a devil in the ghetto tryin' to tear it apart
 And if we make it up out, we still stuck in the dark
 Will there ever be peace? Just a piece of my heart. Never!

[Outlawz:]

The only peace we got is a piece of our heart, piece of our mind, or that damn piece that we hold in our waistline
 You feel me, dawg? C'mon, uh

[2Pac:]

So will there ever be peace
Or are we all just headed for doom?
Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace (never)
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
'Cause there'll never be peace

[E.D.I.:]

Thangs is changin', nigga, you better read the signs
I'm only concerned about me and mine in these times
The world is a ghetto and peace is not a part of it
We all believe God's new plan to make it out of this
Niggas spendin' too much time hatin' on each other
Niggas buyin' guns, loadin' 'em up, aimin' at each other
And the victim is you and me, it's sick, but it's true indeed

The good die, mostly over bullshit, repeatedly
Deep in me there's a part that wants nothing but love
But the rest of me know, war is what's waitin' for us
So I stays ready, keep my pay heavy and boss up
Stack my funds and my guns, never rely on luck
Askin' God to point out the impostor
Never let no weapon formed against me prosper

'Cause there'll never be peace, so don't rely on it, soldiers dyin' for it, and in the ghetto, they cryin' for it. But fuck
peace!

[2Pac:]

Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?

And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
Fool, there'll never be peace

Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?

And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
Nigga, there'll never be peace

Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?

And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
Nigga, there'll never be peace
Will there ever be peace?

[2Pac:]

Will there ever be peace? Shit, fuck peace!

On the strength 'til my niggas get a piece, we can't have peace
How the fuck we gon' live happy when we ain't got nothing?
You motherfuckers are smilin', but I'm mean muggin'

Why? 'Cause I gotta be thuggin'
It seems drugs done turned this whole mothafuckin' hood out
All us niggas actin' up, wild-ass motherfuckin' adolescents
These niggas ain't even got no childhoods no more
How the fuck can you have a childhood
And you at the funeral every motherfuckin' weekend?
Pssh, and you motherfuckers talkin' about peace?

Nigga, it ain't no motherfuckin' peace

You ain't seen the news motherfucker? You ain't heard? Lil' babies gettin' smoked, motherfuckers killin' them
whole family
Lil' kids gettin' thrown off buildings

Motherfuckers gettin' abused
Peace? Nigga, is you out your fuckin' mind?
Fuck peace! We can't never have peace 'til you motherfuckers clean up this mess you made
'Til you fuckin' clean up the dirt you dropped
'Til we get a piece, fuck peace! Westside

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Mama's Just A Little Girl"

(feat. Kimma Hill)

Young mothers (that's right)
I feel ya (hey)
I know how it is
Mama's just a little girl (just a little girl)
Don't nobody understand
I feel ya

[2Pac:]

She was born a heavy set girl with pigtails and curls
A heart full of gold, still it won't change the world
Though she could never understand why
Some underhanded plans witnessed a man die
Was only fifteen, should have been a beauty queen, still
See her cryin' by the caskets when her parents got killed
Little girl don't cry, cuz even though they died
You can best believe they're watchin' over thee from the sky
Never asked for this misery, but look at what you're gettin'
It's a blessin' in disguise when you find out you're pregnant
No money, no home, and even though you're all alone
You gots to do this on your own, so baby gone
I wish you luck and if you need me, call
Just come to me and let me feed you all
I can understand the way it feels when you're fightin' the world
Facin' all this drama when Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]

Mama don't know why
Mama's just a little girl
Livin' if she is or not
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]

At sixteen
What a beautiful thing, the very essence of a jet-black ebony queen
And who could tell she'd get pregnant at an early age? (what?!)
She didn't listen, had sex, watch her belly raise (hey)
Got violated by someone she dated
If this is fate, I'd hate to see the seeds she created, and so we waited
Though it takes time to build a body and a mind
She reclines nine months then finally it's time
What do we find? Little growin' boy of mine
With a tortured soul, addicted to a life of crime
Had no time for the growin' stage
He learned his values on the streets at an early age
Watch for police, don't come home (why?)
Cuz Mama's actin' crazy at the hospit-al
'Bout to have another baby

Like a rose from the concrete, growin' within
Blessed with twins how the hell can Mama raise three men?
So we began, closest family, such insanity
A happy home, from one act of inhumanity
Plus Mama said the seed was corrupted
Used to rub Her belly, beggin' us to breathe and she'd loved us
Now, Mama, sits quiet, sippin' peppermint Schnapps
Turned the house into a spot and made her watch for cops (hey)
How could Mama bring a thug like me in this world?
She ain't the cause of all the drama
Cause Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]

Mama don't know why (stupid motherfuckers don't know)
Mama's just a little girl
Livin' if she is or not
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high
(How could she raise us)

[2Pac:]

Now, will she remain in the same spot?
The gunshots rang, they came from the 'caine spot
Now, look here, I see her clutchin' her son in her arms, she's hurt
Her heart bleeds, now she watched her seed die in the dirt
Fulfilled prophecy
But who could stop the grief I walk around, tryin' to hold the world, up on top of me
I'd probably be an innocent man, still I'm the victim of a curse
What could be worse? Nothing but pain, since my birth
Only functions at the Pen', cuz everybody's in
Payin' back society, I'm guilty of a life of sin
I watch the drama occur, my eyes blur before I jetted
I wonder why we all have to die 'fore we get it
Though we shed tears, so many peers I've done buried
Worried and scared, knowin' I'ma see the cemetery
Must be prepared, in this cold world, no one cares
No! It ain't fair, but we all bear and do our share
In this land of the underhanded schemes and plans
Vivid dreams of a nigga havin' G's in hand
Mama told me not to be a punk
Fuck what you talkin' about, coward, what you niggas want? (hey)
There ain't a thing I wouldn't do for my Mama in this world
Cause you know I ain't mad at cha, you're just a little girl (Heyheyy)
Hell naw, (that's right) see mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)

[Kimma Hill:]

Mama don't know why
Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
Livin' if she is or not
(y'all ain't facin' all this drama cause mama just a little girl)
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]

They ask us why we mutilate each other like we do
And wonder why we hold such little worth for human life (Facin' all this drama, when mama's just a little girl)
To ask us why we turn from bad to worse, is to ignore from which we came (Mama's just a little girl)
You see, you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete had
Damaged petals
On the contrary, we would all celebrate its tenacity
We would all love its will to reach the sun
Well, we are the roses (we are the roses)
This is the concrete (this is the concrete)
And these are my damaged petals (these are my damaged petals)
Don't ask me why (don't ask why)
Thank God, nigga (thank god)
Ask me how (Ahahaha)
You see, mama's just a little girl
Mama (hey)...
Mama...

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Street Fame"

Turn it up in my head phones, please
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
More, ha ha, comin' to a ghetto near you

I wasn't mad until these tricks shot me
It's time I sanitize my posse
Look how paranoid these niggas got me
Cellular calls are being traced since surveillance silently
Mama, chill, thug livin' pay the bills, I'm dyin' violently
Closed caskets, expose bastards, I leave 'em bloody
Delores Tucker, don't let your kids
Hear a nigga speak on gettin' money
Ain't nothin' funny, green got a nigga seein' things
Why? Hit the lye, hope to God I can fly
Lethal weapon, I'm a savage; still a method to my madness
Blast niggas, laugh, call 'em care cabbage
Read 'em and weep, put 'em to sleep, they hell bound
Lyrics will leave 'em spell bound
Clown, now tired of being held down
Cross my heart, hope to die, blind with some pussy
Millionaire, livin' care free, sucka free, playa haters miss me
Hope in hard times never catch me slippin'
Fuck authorities! They wonder why minorities be trippin'
We ain't havin' it, time to tear this shit back
Ghetto children kick back
Once I hit the MAC, niggas'll never get they shit back
Spit it so eloquently, my pistols represent me
Bust until my rounds empty; back for the street fame

One love to my true thugs
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Bust! Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
All out warfare, eye for a eye
Bustin' on my enemies, bad boy killin'
Straight dissin' you
Fuck Lil' Kim, you nasty bitch!

Temperatures rises, niggas blinded by my lyrical disguise
No time to plot retreats, niggas shiver and die
Multiple rounds found laced in his body and face
Wrapped in plastic, the acid erased all traces
Criminal tactics, the rap game became so drastic
Military mind, mash all the hoes, get blasted
If we bleed then they suffocate, chokin' in terror
So we strive seein' our lives be reflected in mirrors
The prophecy is clear, niggas lock and load, disappear
Strategize with no fear, wagin' war for years
The crack game wasn't big enough, ready to rush
Bitch made motherfuckers get murdered and touched
I go to jail niggas screamin' free me, speakin' freely

Conversatin' with my comrades kickin' Swahili
Indeed they should fear my first seed
It gets worse, planned a curse to be a G, on the first to breathe
Currency in stacks, artillery in the back
Strapped, armies, we camouflaged in all black
When we attack, holla out my set, nigga
Tighten your jaw, givin' birth to Outlawz, street fame

Bust, nigga bust!
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Only Makaveli the Don
Can put it down like this; ain't none like me
Comin' to a ghetto near you, with street fame

Positive identification, got me rushed to the station
Stuck in this line up, tryin' hard to hide my face
They placed the name but can't recall description
I ain't did shit, officer, that bitch trippin'
Promise retaliation, their plan busted, no man to be trusted
Everything corrupted once man touch it
Kamikaze, hopin' that none of the spies find me
That's why we bye bye daily, knowin' cops trail me
But why cry? Floatin' while we tokin' on this potent branch
Flossin' in the thug stance, pistol tucked inside my pants
Never underestimate me, playa hate me, see me and hide
Sure as hollow-points shatter, enemies die
Spread love, dead thugs gettin' buried in riches
Take a chance to advance; fuck them worryin' bitches!
Penitentiary's a possibility, bust and pray
Wear a rubber so I live to fuck another day, hey!
Ain't nothin' strange, I'm 25, dyin' to change
But still I bang wantin' street fame

That's the end of that
Thugged out, Makaveli the Don
Representin' the Outlawz, street fame
One love to my true niggas
Comin' to a ghetto near you street fame
Makaveli the Don, Killuminati
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame

Yo, check this out, I'ma tell you like this
If the lifestyle that you livin'
Got you taking more fuckin' shorts than gettin' props
Then that lifestyle need to stop
Best to recognize some Outlaw shit
'Cause only in this Outlaw lifestyle can you truly come to
To see what this life's supposed to be like
Nigga, you'll start to see riches
Fine bitches and hittin' switches
Shit, to me that shit sound delicious; street fame

2Pac Lyrics

"Whatcha Gonna Do?"
(feat. Kastro, Young Noble)

Hell yeah [*2Pac yawning*]
Hahaha

[2Pac:]

And uh, I started out dumb, sprung off a hood-rats
Listenin' to the radio, wishin' that I could rap
But nothing changed, I was stuck in the game
'Cause everybody in the industry was fuckin' me, mayne
Listen, I got a scheme, break away, do my own thang
Drop some conversation, sit back and let the phone ring
Niggas ain't wanna see me rise
97 watch me cut these motherfuckers down to size
And if I catch another case, Lord knows how they hate me
Got a player in the court room, please don't let 'em frame me
I've been dealt a lot of bad cards livin' as a thug
Count my blessings and throw my stressings in this land with no love
Maybe they seen me rollin', look at all this green I'm holdin'
I get this why they envious and get they eyes swollen
Hopin' the heavenly father love a hustler
Meet the hardest nigga on the Earth to ever bust a nut
My homies tell me, "Have a heart" — fuck they feelings
I've been tryin' to make a million since we started, we cold hearted
Niggas in masks that'll blast at the task force
Empty out my clip, time to mash, they asked for it
Me, Makaveli, I'm a motherfucker
We break bread, now we thug brothers, haha
Niggas talk a lot of non-shit I choose to ignore it
A war? They ain't ready for it haha

[2Pac (Young Noble):]

Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)

[Kastro (Young Noble):]

My nine is Thug lord, my mind on my grind
Outlawz is my heart, they shine when I shine
(My rhyme is my grind, my team be on role)
(Proceed with the onslaught, indeed they all talk)
(They all marks and it's an Outlaw holocaust)
When I got the sawed-off. (Niggas gettin' hauled off)
Yeah, nigga beware, stand clear
This nigga's scared, man, I don't really care
I've been lost love, my heart need a hug

My bite need blood, I fight with a grudge
The life of a thug nigga might need gloves
But you'll never know with a price on your mug
Them fight strips snug right around your hands
Makin' sure you can never grab the mic again
Dog, you fuckin' with a grown man
Can't I can't afford to lose
Where we from niggas torture dudes
So whatcha wan' do?

[2Pac (Young Noble):]

Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you

[2Pac:]

Haha, watch me clown, give me lovin' when I'm high
I'm a outlaw baby, I'll be thuggin' 'til I die
In my drop-top, double-R, life as a rap star
Hustle like a crack fiend 'til they catch me
Go ask somebody to your show
Watching niggas out of sight, in my night scope
Cookin' white dope, got my nigga 25-to-life stressed out
Tryin' to have all the better things in life
While Makaveli — a born leader, 10 millimeter
Change a nigga's future like a schizophrenic palm reader
Heed, from out the Bible I read
See the meek shall inherit the Earth and the strong will lead
Hittin' weed like it's alright
I'm in the studio makin' music all night
My enemies cry whenever I rise, they hated 'til the death
Tryin' to beat me out my last breath
What cha gonna do?

[2Pac (Young Noble):]

Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, now nigga now
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, throw you hands up
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, would you wanna fuck?
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, bust 'em, when my niggas come for you
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)

2Pac Lyrics

"Fair Xchange"
(feat. Jazze Pha)

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]
Ladies and gentlemen! And gentlemen
This, is a Jazze Phizzle produc-shizzle
Jazze Pha, Jazze Pha
My nozzle!
My nozzle. Ha!
Outlawz! Outlawz. 2Pac, Makaveli!
(Still breathin') Yeah, woo - wooo-WHEEE!

A picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection
Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection
Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions
Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash
Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did
Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"
Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner
Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina
Up and down is the object, side to side
Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"
Say you don't feel it that's a lie
You just scared to get this penitentiary dick
The trot caught your eye when I walked by
I said, "Hi."
But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by
You want me to lick it and even worse
Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Open your legs
Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'
Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceiling
And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine
And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times
Close your eyes, let me heat it up
Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up
Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow
Baby throw yo' legs out the window
Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me
And let me hit it where it counts and flee

Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"
Sexual participation, my motivation
Even though I like the way you work it
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors, fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]

You do me

And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!
And since you bein' laced with the penetration
It's only right to show a form of appreciation
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'
You said "take it" so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast
And then I laugh as we lay back
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games
Here's my number for another fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]

You do me

And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

2Pac Lyrics

"Late Night"

(feat. DJ Quik, Outlawz)

[DJ Quik:]

Hey 'Pac, it's yo' boy

Hey man so far I've been listenin' to your album

And I ain't heard nuttin you could kick back and smoke a beanie to
You know?

Yeah like that

Some of that mellow shit

Some of that shit that make bitches drink

Make niggas think

And help you check a fat-ass bank, hahah

So why don't you kick some of that shit, nigga only you know how
Hahahah, feel me?

[2Pac:]

I'm barely standin', and plus my secondhand say it's midnight

Some Alize and Cristal guaranteed to get right

Like misdemeanors is a small thang

With DJ Quik in this bitch, I let my balls hang

Runnin' through the street lights, cause we like

Yo' nigga get your mob on show 'em what a G like

Around the corner it's like Vegas, or better yet like Reno

Niggas poppin', welcome to our casino, cause you and me know

Hundred percent like a c-note

Lookin' for a bitch that's half-black and Filipino

And when I meet her I'ma offer her some indo

Tongue-kissin' on the window of a pearl white limo

Don't wanna be your man, I'm your nigga

Touch me here, I'll get bigger

While I'm diggin' I'll get deep into your liver

I'm game type

Love fuckin' bitches in the same night

My words are aphrodisiacs if you say 'em right

The club be poppin' so I'm stoppin' at the Fat Burger

Look through the paper it's another black crack murder

The city's full of surprises, you can live or you can die

You can fuck on the first night, or try

In the late night

[Samples (2Pac):]

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

[Hussein Fatal:]

Around my way we lamp, many styles get cramped
I clock rocks in the rain 'til my socks is damp
Ain't nuttin like bein' a thug when I can just
Sit on the Row of Death straight knowin' that I'm blessed
Hussein Fatal, flawless fatality
Overdosin' on crime, three steps from reality
Get up to get down, represent your town, last night
Was poppin' like like cocked Glocks with hollow-tip rounds

[Kadafi:]

From booty-calls to bail sheets
It ain't no tellin' if I wake up in the county in my jail sheets
My intuitions and ambitions up in the late night
Probably involves me comin' up with just to see another day
Might
Be me who bites the bullet
In these streets where a man journey
With crooked cops and a society who tryin' to burn me
I'm like a pit in a cage, spittin' my shells in a gauge
Deadly as AIDS, niggas gettin' crossed like a maze
Now picture me livin' my life like a king, maybe one day
Until then I'm livin' Monday through Sunday
Bringin' the gun play for all these beefs and battles
When we collide, I'ma ride on that hide like cattle, cowards best to skedaddle
In the late night

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

[2Pac:]

Money and multiple gunshots are shown, large amps are blown
Niggas in low-lows, pursuin' mo' hoes, then go home
The life of a California star, and when you see me
In the drop-top Jag', how many niggas wanna be me?
Game is automatic, mandatory I sell
To Live or Die, I survive, but with a story to tell
Cause when you gettin' some riches, watch for dumb bitches
They have you labeled a rapist before you get to tongue-kissin'
It's a mean world nigga you strapped, must be a throwaway
Will I survive the late night, to see dawn of day?
Nobody knows me, I'm a shadow
My army fatigues made for battle, pockets full of ammo
Cause when I'm out in the streets, I'm on point, where the static?
Too many done died from semis, so now we automatic
I disappear whenever heated, ride whenever needed
For my niggas up in Clinton gettin' weeded
Continue to roll until I'm old, ride until I die
Supply long as you motherfuckers buy
My homies rolled by in a bucket, but they ain't short and duckin'

Slappin' niggas known for tellin' bitches fuck-it
In the late night

[Samples (2Pac):]
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(It's in the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"
(In the late night!)
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(Holla at me in the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

Writer(s): Joseph Bernard Wheeler, Washington, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Yafeu A. Fula, Larry Mizell, Bruce

2Pac Lyrics

"Ghetto Star"
(feat. Nutt-So)

[2Pac:]
Haha
For all my niggas in the hood (yeah!)
Livin' the life of a ghetto star
(you know) You know how we do it hahaha
Makaveli

[2Pac:]
Just holla my name and witness game official
Niggas is so ashamed they stand stiff like scared bitches
While I remain inside a paradox called my block
Though gunshots is promised to me, when will I stop?
I hit the weed and hope to God I can fly high
Witness my enemies die when I ride by, they shouldn't have tried
I send they bodies to they parents up North
With they faces, they wrists, and they nuts cut off
Fuck 'em all what I scream as I dream in tongues
Fuck a trick, get me rich and the bitches'll come
Bust my gun, make 'em all scatter
Bullets to my nuts only made my balls fatter
Eat a dick, biyotch mercy, never that, you say you comin' back?
Bring it on, forever strapped
Introduce you to the pleasure and the pain, you can go so far
Just sell me your soul, and live the life (of a ghetto star)

[Nutt-So:]
I live the life of a thug nigga, drug dealer livin' game tight
Mug niggas, slug niggas for the fame life
Laced with game, practice on takin' pain
Quick to slang, and let it rain through yo' brain
Street smart, proficient, intelligent
And keep suckers hittin' 'til snitches start smellin' it
Movin' niggas with telekinesis
Keepin' Channel 7 at work, filmin' different features
Leadin' niggas to an early death with they head blown
And to those who didn't make it to the morgue was just dead and gone
And hope niggas got punished
Kidnapped, jacked in the back with MAC's to they neck, rappers waiting to get done in
Back[?] - we tossed his ass out
M.O.B. related, one mo' nigga found shot up with his dick in his mouth
Printed my name in these streets as a motherfuckin' G
Now the next generation's lookin' at me through [?]

[2Pac:]
Walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to my homies that was buried
See my enemies wanna see me dead, I ain't worried, forgive me
Please give me shelter, calm my fears
Lifted my head, from my hands, had a palm of tears
I see bodies gettin' splashed, with acid

2 shots rang from the plastic Glock, wrapped in plastic
Buried the bastard, time to notify
His family, sheeit, ain't nothing left to be identified
Evacuate the crime scene fast
Why, I heard the Feds had a warrant for my ass
Why, I won't touch down 'til I see Tijuana
Set up shop selling them crooked cops marijuana
Label me a success, I made the switch
Retired from the life that never gave me shit
Put cash that I couldn't spend, countless cars
An addict for a wife, my life, as a ghetto star

[Nutt-So:]

Got the word that some nerds wanna plot on this
Hit the curve, let it swerve, had to stop they grip
No remorse, no repentance as I buck one down
Straight to the morgue cause I plan on, shuttin' shit down
Born soldier, fucked 'em up with a MAC-fo'
Torn ligaments, all up in that nigga shoulder
And a vest couldn't protect that flesh
Cause I got, slugs, to knock the air out your chest
Death, apparently they wasn't sucka free
Cause I had all them wannabe thug niggas in protective custody
I guess they heard that I got them birds
Thought I was a nerd 'til I bucked one of them to the curb
Luxury livin' lavish, with dreams of dyin' rich
With a team and clientele on my mothafuckin' dick
And gettin' down on these snitch bitches, protectin' riches
By givin' stitches, the life as a ghetto star

[2Pac:]

When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star

[2Pac w/ Nutt-So talking in background:]

This goes out to all you motherfuckers (to all you motherfuckers)
That STILL, have to kill to make that money (still, I'll be puttin' down)
All you niggas on the block, sellin' rocks
Hand to hand, runnin' from the police (sellin' motherfuckin' dopes)
(smokin' weed)
I see you
Live your life as a ghetto star
(look at these tramp ass hoes) Talk to the hood
Claimin' gettin' riches
(spank bitches ain't new)
Runnin' from new playa haters (any fake ass niggas)

Live my life as a ghetto star

(this is still 70 south)

Niggas with two strikes that don't wanna see the third (nah), I feel you

It's the Don Makaveli - live my life as a ghetto star

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cole Sean, Banks Gregory

2Pac Lyrics

"Thugz Mansion"

(feat. Anthony Hamilton)

[2Pac:]

Shit, tired of gettin' shot at
Tired of gettin' chased by the police and arrested
Niggas need a spot where we can kick it
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us
Niggas ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood
Y'knahmean? Where do niggas go when we die?
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga
That's why we go to thug mansion
That's the only place where thugs get in free
And you gotta be a G, at thug mansion

[2Pac:]

A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind
So much pressure in this life of mine
I cry at times, I once contemplated suicide
And would've tried, but when I held that 9
All I could see was my mama's eyes
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble
Not knowin' it's hard to carry on when no one loves you
Picture me inside the misery of poverty
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived
Prayin' hard for better days, promise to hold on
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on
We found a finally spot to kick it
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit
A spot where we can smoke in peace
And even though we G's
We still visualize places that we can roll in peace
And in my mind's eye I see this place
The players go and pass it
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton:]

Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

[2Pac:]

Will I survive all the fights and the darkness?
Trouble sparks, they tell me, "Home is where the heart is."
Dear departed, I shed tattooed tears
And couldn't sleep good for multiple years
Witness peers catch gunshots; nobody cares
Seen the politicians ban us
They'd rather see us locked in chains

Please explain why they can't stand us
Is there a way for me to change?
Or am I just a victim of things I did to maintain?
I need a place to rest my head
With the little bit of homeboys that remains
'Cause all the rest dead
Is there a spot for us to roll? If you find it
I'll be right behind ya, show me and I'll go
How can I be peaceful? I'm comin' from the bottom
Watch my daddy scream, "Peace!"
While the other man shot him
I need a house that's full of love, when I need to escape
The deadly places slingin' drugs, in thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton:]
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

[2Pac:]
Dear Mama, don't cry, your baby boy's doin' good
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook
Drinkin' peppermint Schnapps
With Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke
Then some lady named Billie Holiday sang
Sittin' there kickin' it with Malcolm, 'til the day came
Little Latasha sho' grown; tell the lady in the liquor store
That she's forgiven, so come home
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us
When Miles Davis cuttin' lose with the band
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last
Picture a place that they exist, together
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm askin'
Remember this face, save me a place in thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton (2Pac):]
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky (in thugs mansion)
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky (thugs mansion)
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise, in the sky (in thugs mansion)
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

Thanks to jhatrick, matt7562 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Aurelius Seven Marcus, Hamilton Anthony Cornelius, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"My Block (Remix)"

Damn, take a ride to my block
My block, that's right! Hehe
'Round my motherfuckin' way

They got a nigga sheddin' tears, reminiscin' on my past fears
'Cause shit was hectic for me last year
It appears that I've been marked for death, my heartless breast
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life is stressed
And no rest, forever weary; my eyes stay teary
For all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery
Shit is scary, how black-on-black crime legendary
But at times unnecessary, I'm getting worried
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is drastic
And certain death for us ghetto bastards
What can we do when we're arrested but open fire?
Life in the pen ain't for me, 'cause I'd rather die
But don't cry through your despair
I wonder if the Lord still cares for us niggas on welfare
And who cares if we survive? The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin' on a four-five
My neighborhood ain't the same, 'cause all these little babies going crazy and they suffering in the game
And I swear it's like a trap
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go back
Hoes show me love, niggas give me props
Forever hop, 'cause it don't stop – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

Now shit's constantly hot on my block
It never fails to be gunshots
Can't explain a mother's pain when her son drops
Black males living in Hell; when will we prevail?
Fearing jail, but crack sales got me living well
And in a sense I'm suicidal with this Thug's Life
Staying strapped, forever trapped in this drug life
God, help me, 'cause I'm starving, can't get a job
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard
Can't sleep, 'cause all the dirt make my heart hurt
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers
Mislead from childhood where I went astray
'Til this day I still pray for a better way
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke
From the start I felt the racism 'cause I'm dark
Couldn't quit, the bullshit make me represent
Hit the bar and played the star everywhere I went
In my heart I felt alone, out here on my own
I close my eyes and picture home – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

And I can't help but wonder why so many young kids had to die; caught strays from AK's in a drive-by
Swollen pride and homicide don't coincide
Brothers cry for broken lives; Mama, come inside!
'Cause our block is filled with danger
Used to be a close knit community
But now we're all cold strangers
Time changes us to stone, them crack pipes
All up and down the block, exterminating black life
But I can't blame the dealers; my mama's welfare check has brought the next man chrome wheels
Shit's real, I know you feel my tragedy
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free
Hanging out, picking up game, sippin' cheap liquor
Gaming the hoochies, hoping I can get to sleep with her
It's a man's world, staying strapped
Fantasies of a nigga living phat but held back
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless
Wide eyed and losing focus – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

And block parties in the projects lasting way past daylight
A young nigga learned to break, right?
Used to play fight with my homies, but they stuck in the pen
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend
In my mind I see the same motherfuckers ballin'
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call
I know the young niggas understand this
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes
Tryin' to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame
And what's strange is everybody know my name
Swear they all know me, and lots of cash make a nigga change
I hit the green just to maintain, feeling pain
For all the niggas that I lost to the game – from my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckers that passed away
From all the blocks that I'm from

112 street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown, knahmsayin'?
183rd and Walt, my block – that's right
122nd and Morningside, my block – that's right
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block – that's right
And the Jungle, Marin City, that's my block – that's right
Los Angeles, haha – that's my block too
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown – that's my block for sure
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago
All y'all niggas stay kickin' up dust
Represent the motherfuckin' block

Thanks to vict0rcheung, speedy1382007, theblazedromeo, tanweer_khan for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Thugz Mansion (Nas Acoustic)" (feat. J. Phoenix, Nas)

Shit, tired of getting shot at
Tired of getting chased by the police and arrested
Niggaz need a spot where WE can kick it
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us
Niggaz ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood
Y'knahmean? Where do niggaz go when we die?
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga
That's why we go to thug mansion
That's the only place where thugs get in free and you gotta be a G
... at thug mansion

[2Pac:]

A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind
So much pressure in this life of mine, I cry at times
I once contemplated suicide, and woulda tried
But when I held that 9, all I could see was my momma's eyes
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble
Not knowing it's hard to carry on when no one loves you
Picture me inside the misery of poverty
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived
Praying hard for better days, promise to hold on
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on
We found a family spot to kick it
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit
A spot where we can smoke in peace, and even though we G's
We still visualize places, that we can roll in peace
And in my mind's eye I see this place, the players go in fast
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix (Nas):]

Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool
Every hour, cause it's all good
Leave all the stress from the world outside
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

[Nas:]

A place where death doesn't reside, just thugs who collide
Not to start beef but spark trees, no cops rolling by
No policemen, no homicide, no chalk on the streets
No reason, for nobody's momma to cry
See I'm a good guy, I'm trying to stick around for my daughter
But if I should die, I know all of my albums support her
This whole year's been crazy, asked the Holy Spirit to save me
Only difference from me and Ossie Davis, gray hair maybe
Cause I feel like my eyes saw too much suffering

I'm just twenty-some-odd years, I done lost my mother
And I cried tears of joy, I know she smiles on her boy
I dream of you more, my love goes to Afeni Shakur
Cause like Ann Jones, she raised a ghetto king in a war
And just for that alone she shouldn't feel no pain no more
Cause one day we'll all be together, sipping heavenly champagne
where angels soar, with golden wings in thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix:]
Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool
Every hour, cause it's all good
Leave all the stress from the world outside
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

[2Pac:]
Dear momma don't cry, your baby boy's doing good
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook
Dripping peppermint Schnapps, with Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke
Then some lady named Billie Holiday
Sang sitting there kicking it with Malcolm, 'til the day came
Little LaTasha sho' grown
Tell the lady in the liquor store that she's forgiven, so come home
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us
When Miles Davis cutting lose with the band
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last
Picture a place that they exist, together
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm asking
Remember this face, save me a place, in thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix (Nas):]
Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool
Every hour, cause it's all good
Leave all the stress from the world outside
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

Thanks to jwsmith, ookrizzzyoo, chelsa_salsa10 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Aurelius Seven Marcus, Hamilton Anthony Cornelius, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Never Call U Bitch Again"

(feat. Tyrese)

[2Pac:]

Whassup, boo? Swear I'll never call you bitch again

You ain't fuck with me

I swear I'll never call you bitch again

(All I just wanna say is um, if I fuckin' apologized)

I swear I'll never call you bitch again

(I ain't mean to call you a bitch)

I'll never call you bitch again

[2Pac:]

Damn – gave my homie 90 days for domestic violence

I try to picture myself in this position but remain silent

I get to thinkin' 'bout this shit we been through

We close like kin, but you remain my friend too

This life of sin, done got the both of us in trouble

But you always stay down for a nigga, so that's why I love you

Reminiscin' needin' tissues, fightin' over childish issues

Swear I can't live with you

But without you, every day I miss you

When we roll you hold my pistol, my gangsta bitch-itc, you

Always in the mood for love, that's why I'm sleepin' with you

Though not the man of your dreams

My plan and scheme's to be rich like a king

And live my life trouble free, I see

Yesterday I called you names and played games on your mind

I promise that I'll change in time

It's a complicated world so, girl, just be a friend

I swear I'll never call you bitch again (and that's my word)

[Tyrese (2Pac):]

We came too far to throw it all away

(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)

We came way too far, pretty baby

to throw it all away, throw it all away

(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, hey)

[2Pac:]

I wake up early in the mornin', at the crack of dawn

Nigga still tired so I'm yawnin', and now I'm gone

Tryin' to get my money on strong

So an early riser out before them other guys

That's the way to profit every time

Can't get too close my enemies, they see ghosts, they envy me

Plus we been beefin' with the East Coast, with casualties

Got stopped in traffic, had a warrant, so they gaffled me

But while I'm gone, watch my business and my back for me

My enemies think they got me crossed, they ain't knowin'

Ain't no love for player haters where you cowards goin'

You paid bail, got me out of jail, home again

I promise not to leave you on your own again
Cristal corks are popped, romantic thoughts are dropped
It's so frantic but don't panic, 'cause we crossed the top
I found a partner and a rider, a woman and friend
I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me

[Tyrese (2Pac):]

We came too far to throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came way too far, pretty baby
To throw it all away, throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)

[Pac:]

I know, I know, all that is dead though
I'm changed, I'm tellin' you
I know what time it is, gotta give a nigga time
To grow up, ya know what I'm sayin'?
That was way back then

[Tyrese:]

You're my nigga, my best friend
Never gonna call you a bitch again
Yea yea yea, oh

[2Pac:]

Witness the evil men do, all this shit I been through
Never meant to hurt you, can we make this work, boo?
I know you been feelin' pain, things are not the same
Waitin' to exhale while I'm sittin' in the county jail
Keep your head up, 'cause things are gettin' better
My cellmate shed tears off your last love letter
Told him you would find a friend, so keep your eyes peeled
Sorry if I cuss, but it's the sufferin' that I feel
Who can I trust? And if I bust, will she snitch?
Even though you ain't the type to trip, sorry if I called you bitch
You showed me the definition of feminine
The difference between a pack of bitches and black women
Huh, I see the boss for the third time, hope to see you soon
Pictures of us kissin' in the livin' room, in the nude
Thanks for being there much more than a friend
I swear I'll never call you bitch again; believe me!

[Tyrese (2Pac):]

We came too far, to throw it all away
We came way too far, pretty baby
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came too far to throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came way too far, pretty baby
To throw it all away, throw it all away baby

[Tyrese:]

Through all my ups and downs
You always stayed around stayed around

Writer(s): Johnny Shakur, Gibson Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Better Dayz"

(feat. Ronald Isley)

Lookin' for these better days
Better days, hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Time to question our lifestyle, look how we live
Smokin' weed like it ain't no thing, so even kids
Wanna try now, then lie down and get ran through
Nobody watches 'em, clockin' the evil man do
Faced with the demons
Addicted to hearin' victims screamin'
Guess we was evil since birth, product of cursed semens
'Cause even our birthdays is cursed days
A born thug in the first place, the worst ways
I'd love to see the block in peace
With no more dealers and crooked cops
The only way to stop the beast
And only we can change
It's up to us to clean up the streets, it ain't the same
Too many murders, too many funerals, and too many tears
Just seen another brother buried
Plus I knew him for years
Passed by his family, but what could I say?
Keep yo' head up and try to keep the faith
And pray for better days

Better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Thinkin' back as an adolescent, who would've guessed
That in my future years I'd be stressin'?
Some say the ghetto's sick and corrupted
Plus my P.O. won't let me hang
With the brothers I grew up with
Tryin' to keep my head up and stay strong
All my homies slangin' yayo all day long
But they wrong, so I'm solo and so broke
Savin' up for some Jordan's, 'cause they dope
I got a girl and I love her, but she broke too
And so am I; I can't take her to the places she wanna go to
So, we argue and play fight, all day and night
Makin' passionate love 'til the daylight
Plus we about to get evicted, can't pay the rent

Guess it's time to see who really is your friend
Tell me you pregnant and I'm amazed
So many blessings while we stressin'
Lookin' for them better days

Better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Now, me and you was real cool, hell on them square fools
Since back in high school, we was true, me and you
Hardly parted or separated, we stayed faded
Affiliated with gang-bangers and still made it
Up in the gym, mess with me, gotta mess with him
Still dressin' like grown men when rollin'
Out in the dark, smokin' Newports, gamin' marks
Got a place in my heart, homie, stay smart
Locked you up in the pen, and gave you three to ten
I send you letters with naked flicks of old friends
Hopin' you well, I know it's hell
Doin' time in the cells, you need mail when you in jail
And me, I'm doin' cool
I settled down, had a family, workin' a night school
Every once in a while, I reminisce
And I wonder how we ever came to this; I miss the better days

Better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

I send this one out to all the homeboys down in, uh
Clinton lockdown, Rikers Island
All them dudes I was, uh, locked up with, hehe
E Block, F Block, lower H
N-I-C in Rikers Island, downstate
All the peoples I met along the way
Better days is comin', homeboy, keep your head up!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Isley Marvin, Isley O Kelly, Isley Ronald, Jasper Christopher H, Isley Ernest, Isley Rudolph Bernard, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

2Pac Lyrics

"U Can Call"
(feat. Jazze Pha)

[2Pac:]
Dear baby you the picture of perfection
Straight from your million dollar smile
To my attraction to your complexion
No hesitation needed; you got me
Inhalin' the aroma of your perfume, and feelin' heated
I move closer to drop the lines of my introduction
Hold out my hand, and grab yo' hand, now we touchin'
My lyrics are poetry, so baby get a ticket to go with me
Thugged out so you notice me
It's a positive attraction; see pictures of us
Layin' butt-naked on the beach kicking back relaxin'
And only you can calm, the savage beast
Look in my eyes are you surprised, that it's me?
I wanna make you mine
I'm kissin' on you tryin' to make it different every time (that's right)
I'm so lonely in my bedroom, lookin' at the walls
Withcha number in my hand, wonderin' should I even call her tonight

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]
Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)
Never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)
And girl you know I got you
You got what I need (call me thug)
And shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

[2Pac:]
Been gettin' nuttin' but bad news, ever since the day you left me
I sit and wonder is there a way, you could forget me
Remember my phone calls, my late visits
Us havin' breakfast in bed, then we straight kick it
Me and you in satin sheets, 'til after two
Come take a walk on the wild side, enjoy the view
Whenever we collide; it's bound to be a pleasurable time
Makin' love 'til the early light
Sweetheart don't fight the feelin'
Come get a shot of this plain dealin' and concentrate on the ceiling
It's my intention to brush up
Beware of the fireworks, 'cause every time we touch..
...it's bound to be, so relax, clown with me
As if you're down with me, get around and see
The brother with tattoos and no fears
Runnin' my fingers through your hair
If you call me

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]

Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)
Never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)
And girl you know I got you
You got what I need (call me thug)
And shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

[2Pac:]

Pardon me, but let's be specific
Baby 'cause if you down with me, nigga we can kick it
And let's take trips and ride airplanes
A hundred thousand dollar car on dem gold thangs, so can you hang?
'Cause we can be real tight (right)
I got a big suite at the Hyatt, if it feel right
My only wish is to be witcha
You got me steady strivin' to getcha
Fantasizin' of friendly pictures
The pressure's gettin' major
I wonder will you answer my call, if I page ya
Got me goin' wild with anticipation
Face to face with us locked up in strange places
What will it take? 'cause the heartache be heatbreak
Is my prediction when you falsify and start fake?
In my position I'm a careful man, but a player when I ball
Got my eyes on you baby, can I call?

[Jazze Pha:]

Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you
Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

2Pac Lyrics

"Military Minds"

(feat. Smif-n-Wessun, Buckshot)

[2Pac:]

Stand in formation, my motherfuckin' real troopers
Let's do it like soldiers - all and together now!
Ready? Hell yeah, y'all niggas better get ready
No retreat, no surrender, death before dishonor motherfucker!
Do it to 'em, c'mon never die thuggish, uh - YES YES YES
Say what? (Eastside, Westside ride) Where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at?
Hehehe, send cases to the drug dealer
Real thugs, where ya at? You motherfuckin' home
Do it to 'em, do it to 'em
They love the way we do it to 'em, we do it to 'em

[2Pac:]

Suppress the revolution of premeditated scheme
Introduce a drug called crack to us ghetto teens
Got a law for raw niggas, now, playa what it be like?
When will niggas see they got us bleedin' with three strikes
Can't seem to focus hopeless, with violent thoughts I wrote this
Got these Devils petrified, hidin' from my hocus-pocus
And so I learned to earn my currency and over time
Affiliated, clearly click a military mind
May God forgive us though we dwell inside a paradox
Thugged out and drug dealin', from the womb to the block
My live mind got me survivin' five rounds (shots)
My forty-five got me fortified with live rounds
When shit's thick we plot hits, when our Glock spits
All hail, out on bail, wrath of the 2Pacalypse
Forever ghetto necessary picture food stamps
Outlaw Thug Niggas never left the boot camp

[Cocoa Brovaz:]

[Tek:]

They called us for assignment, one of the squad's finest
Skills in guerrilla warfare and blessed with refinement
My rap sheet, contains sections of bomb sessions
Says I'm responsible for black Smif-N-Wessun
Putting likkle yout's in a military state of mind
Dangerous like chronic and yard when combined
Cocoa Brovaz 'pon de borderline
Test de sound and ye dead same ti-ime

[Steele:]

Man to man, I'm facin' the Devil with a plan
Judo stance, first glance, I'm makin' my advance
Animal instincts, intelligence of an assassin

Masked men, ninjas that surround me, ready to attack
I react swiftly, what father taught me sticks with me
Never forget the method, stick and move strictly
Shit be seemin' like it's closin' in
With no regrets I hold position
'Cause I suppose I'm one of the chosen men

[Buckshot:]

Picture being put in a position to move
And you can't move 'cause your move is blocked by the knight
At twelve o'clock, that's when the madness begins
So I start to focus in, my thoughts on the war
'Cause the rule is the law, and the law that we live by
Is to stay true to self, in this case, BDI
Why try if ya body lie
By the block true soldier mentality, this is how we rock and roll
(This is how we ride)

[Boot Camp Clik:]

Stick and move, time to show 'em how to make a move
Or get moved on, let's see who strong

[Cocoa Brovaz:]

[Tek:]

In the gaze of the strange, where nothing stays the same
Where new faces come through with similar game
Now who you thought was them, really ain't
They catchin' deja vus of the game people play
It's a call for readjustment, fine tune yo' position
You slippin' and trippin' 'stead of bobbin and dippin'
But never let this world of stress get the best of me
Takin' breathin' techniques, slay you with Tai-Chi

[Steele:]

What does it take, to get a break in the world of snakes
And dose who fake
Elimination I'm facin' destruction
Outlawed, so I duck and down, fo'-fo' is bustin', no one to trust in
Rushin' to the goal line
Catch a nigga beat him treat him like he stole mine
No swine I'm a soldier, soldier I control mine
Time to, take you, back into time - follow dis here

[Buckshot:]

One way out, this black hole
For this black soul, shit is outta control
I'm fightin' for my position to be a fetus in this world I'm enterin'
And my face is sentencin' for repentance
Before my body was fully formed into a human
I was already consumin' weed
'Cause my moms used to smoke back in the 70s
Maybe that's why in the 90s I drop G's when I drop degrees
When I ease across the block with 'Pac
Got all y'all niggas shocked
You didn't think Boot Camp Clik would link, with a Outlaw mind?

If you do you press rewind
And you can peep guerrilla tactics in every line

[2Pac:]

Yeah, and this is how we do it!
Where my real thugs, where they at?
Let me, see my real thugs, now where ya at?
Won'tcha, see my real thugs, where ya at?
Let me, see my real thugs, where ya at now?
Where my real thugs, let me see, where ya at?
Tell me where my real thugs gots to see, where ya at?
Where's my soldiers - where ya at?
Where my, real soldiers - where ya at?
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, where ya at?
Get yo' strap my nigga; where ya at, where ya at?
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, what ya at?
Getcha, thug niggas where ya at, witcha strap?
Where my soldiers at, where my true thug niggas
No longer drug dealers 'cause we now, thug niggas
Where my soldiers at, no longer drug dealers
'Cause we now, thug niggas, let me, where my
Where my soldiers at?, put your pistols in the air
Where my soldiers at?, put yo' guns up
Tell me where my soldiers at?, put yo' pistols in the air
Where my, SOLDIERS, my true thug ROLLERS
Yes, it just doesn't quit, YES!
This is that real hip-hop shit YES!
Fuck what you heard
From the ghetto to the 'burbs, know we meant, every word
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
Put yo' hand on the pistol, put yo' pistols in the air
Where my soldiers at?, where my soldiers at?
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
When Bob Dole and Delores Tucker wanna know
Where my soldiers at, GO VOTE!

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Kenyatta Blake, Tekomin Williams, Darrell Yates, Marvin Darrell Harper, Darryl Harper

2Pac Lyrics

"Fame"

(feat. Bad Azz, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

And my niggas say
We want the fame!
Come on! Come on!

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

Though we exist to breed, some believe currency comes to G's
Stress is half the battle, with success comes greed
They got me hot when they shot me, plotted
My revenge to increase my ends; enemies gettin' dropped
Win or lose, red or blue, we must all stay true
Play the game, nigga, never let the game play you
And for the fame, niggas change fast, that's a shame
What's to gain, lost souls? Who controls our brain?
Who can I blame? The world seems strange at times
Somewhat insane, I'm hopin' we can change with time
I'm livin' blinded, searchin' for refinement curse
I know, Death follows me, but I'll murder him first
And worse yet, with each breathe, steps I take, breathless
Is there a cure for a hustler with a death wish?
Cigar ashes, toast with crystal, glasses
We mash on them jealous bastards, with my ski mask
I'm the first one to want him blasted
Wrapped in plastic, bullshittin' got his ass hit
Ain't nothing left now, treated like a stepchild was not for me
Nothing but busters and bitches be rockin' beats, fakin' fame

[Yaki Kadafi:]

Block run and shoot slugs
We throw them back like hardballs
Without the gloves, no love for these fake desperadoes
And thugs I bleed to envy
Smoke and blow out they blunts, sippin' Henny
Drunk nights, and hot days
Cockin' my heat, shootin' it sideways
A wife on the run, full of common blunts
Unconditionally married to my gun
Fulfillin' my destiny on knees and one's desires
Be pullin' all my cabbage like priors, stuck in the trance
Searchin' for something higher, the fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
 Nothin' but pain
 Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame
 One thing we all adore
 Something worth dyin' for
 Nothin' but pain
 Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[Young Noble:]

Searchin' for fortune and fame, lost in the rain
A lost of the game, with life the cost of the game
We forcin' the change, motherfuck flossin' a chain
 All the blame belongs to the part of the brain
That we never use, nigga, plus my heart is in pain
 And if I ever lose, homie, bet I'm at it again
 Outlaws don't die, so united we stand
And if family come before, all the fortune and fame

[Napoleon:]

As I walk up in the crib, laid to rest my head
Say salaam to the angels, hope they bless my bed
 Hope they bless me the righteous way
Got a homie locked down outta town, I sent him a kite today
Man, that hate in your heart you gotta cleanse it, dawg
 Prayin' for my downfall, and I can sense it, dawg
 I was passed down the street fame
 Like Glocks clocked and keep aim
 Was raised up with a clock box
 And I ran with the local street gang
They say the light is faded but still shine in the dark
You can easy been a man, but you's a boy in your heart
And that's some game that I got from generation of game
 In the road of life, dog
We need to switch up lanes – think about it!

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
 Nothin' but pain
 Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame
 One thing we all adore
 Something worth dyin' for
 Been nothin' but pain
 Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[Bad Azz:]

I can't complain, I've seen my fair share of the fame
It won't change me, now I've got this piece of change
 I feel strange, I got so used to the hood
 That when I finally got out at first it ain't feel good
 I was just a baby, still retarded from slavery

When we struggle to shovel shit ain't nobody saved me
Ghetto ain't made me, I made myself
Poverty raised me, thinking ain't no help
I pray for my health, my mind, and my family too
State of myself, my grind, and my family crew
Where one hand washes the other
No, we ain't blood, but we still real brothers
The struggle is real, nothin' can steal what we build
And that remains the same 'til the day that we killed
And that's real, life that I was aimed to be
Love by my family tree, that's fame to me – how about it?

[2Pac:]
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Yafeu A. Fula, Katari T Cox, Rufus Lee Cooper, Mutah W Beale

2Pac Lyrics

"Fair Xchange (Remix)"

(feat. Mya)

[Mya:]

No, no...

Picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection
Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection
Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions
Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash
Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did
Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"
Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner
Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina
Up and down is the object, side to side
Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"
Say you don't feel it that's a lie, you just scared to get this
Penitentiary dick, the trot caught your eye
When I walked by, I said, "Hi"
But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by
You want me to lick it and even worse
Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

[Mya:]

Only one thing that you, can do, for me
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name
You can do whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Open your legs

Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'
Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceilin'
And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine
And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times
Close your eyes, let me heat it up
Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up
Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow
Baby throw yo' legs out the window
Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me
And let me hit it where it counts and flee
Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"
Sexual participation, my motivation
Even though I like the way you work it
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors
Fair exchange

[Mya:]

Only one thing that you, can do, for me

Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!
And since you bein' laced with the penetration
It's only right to show a form of appreciation
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'
You said take it so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast
And then I laugh as we lay back
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games
Here's my number for another fair exchange

[Mya:]

(It's only one!!!) Only one thing that you, can do (thing that you can do for me), for me
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name (make me scream baby)
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Only one thing that you (whatever you want), can do, for me
Baby you can treat me right (can you do me), we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

[Mya:]

Fair exchange
No one, gives me lovin' (lovin')
Quite like you do (No one gives me lovin' like you do)
No one, gives me lovin'
Quite like you do (that I knows, you know, you love, I love)
(The things that I'ma do, to you)

2Pac Lyrics

"Catching Feelins"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Ahahha all my homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down (never)
Ahahah yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Uh, yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Westside, westside
Part two of the war

[2Pac:]

Cross this nigga here, now Biggie tell me who do you fear?
Ain't a livin' soul breathin' shall pump no fear here
My last foe flashed then I mashed his ass
Bastard, fuck with me, bet I blast your ass
So many follow but can't reach me, caught in the maze
Catch them, mimickin' my style tryin' to walk this way
Impossible my posse droppin' you, we Death Row riders
No need to beg, motherfucker, ain't no mercy inside us
Feelin' blessed, the richer I get, the more I stress
Smokin' lye watchin' time fly, waitin' for death
Dear God I been feelin' like I'm close to Jesus
Paranoid with my pistols close, smokin' trees
Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me
Watchin' niggas catch strays, shake, choke and bleed
Me, a mercenary for the streets, check my pedigree
Bustin' motherfuckers it's the thug in me
Now niggas talk a lotta Bad Boy shit, then get to squealin'
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?

My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?

My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

Yeah, Napoleon!

[Napoleon:]

Picture me sippin' on 1-5-1
Drunk than a motherfucker droppin' my gun
Or high as a kite hittin' hoes for fun
But that ain't me, dog, my mind's now clear
And that ain't fair, dog, your heart pump fear
In the state I, shoot you better hide nigga, chute is near
And you know just as well I do
You ain't no killer, so kill that, you wouldn't kill if you had to

We might wobble, but we don't fall down
We take the gospel from Makaveli, pass it around
Holla "let's hit", we gon' taste the power
We started the thug trend, the game is ours
Now we coast together, put our thoughts together
Won't question when we die together
Cause the hour soon to come
Kadafi trained soldier, I show you how to use your gun
Bring it

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

[EDI-Mean:]
We yellin' "M-A-D-E N-I-double G-As
Motherfuckas, and we here to stay
From curb surfin', we workin' the industry, you kiddin' me
It's really nothing to me and my king, you see
We in the big things, eat a dick man, if you're hatin'
We're gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off, pay attention
Screamin' "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"
Ride or die niggas, and we huntin' you down
Representin' all the real niggas stuck in the trap
Bangin' out with the po-po, tryin' to get to some more
Street life, young strugglers racin' the clock
Ain't no tellin' when it all can end, roll a rock
That's the world with feelings, this a man's world youngin'
The bitches in business, so learn a little something
Hey, stop runnin' your mouth, you're on the verge of squealin'
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Everybody's a gangsta, but don't put in work
Instead of puttin' on the armor, niggas put on skirts
These drugs ain't helpin', it only makin' it worse
And the streets ain't got nothing for me but a hearse
I can't trust the church or the mobs, I can only trust God

And to tell you the truth I gotta ride
I only roll with the real
Cause rollin' with the fake got my loved ones killed

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"There U Go"

(feat. Outlawz, Big Syke, Jazze Pha)

[2Pac:]

I don't know why I be fuckin' witchu

Was it the liquor, that makes me act blind, times that I'm with her

Anonymous pictures of other niggas tryin' to kiss her

Will I love her or shall I diss her?

I'm sick of this scandalous shit I deal wit', tryin' to paint a perfect picture

My memories of jealousy no longer carefree

Cause so much bullshit your girlfriends keep tellin' me

I'm on tour, but now my bedroom's an open door

So it got me thinkin', what am I tryin' for?

When I was young I was so very dumb, eager to please

A lil', trick on a mission tryin' to get in my P

Me and my niggas is thug niggas, former known drug dealers

We don't love bitches and believe, they don't love niggas

I gotta blame my attraction

But you became a distraction, a threat to my paper stackin'

I thought you changed but now I know

Can't turn a ho into a housewife, baby, and there you go

[Jazze Pha:]

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'

Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'

HOE! See the word on the streets you're a

HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour

HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a

HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[Kastro:]

These silly bitches got this game twisted

So I don't claim 'em, just bang 'em

Papa raised a player, so player, I play 'em

I got hoes that got more, hoes than me

So how I look, gettin' hooked, like I ain't got G?

Truly cutie booty big, but that ain't enough

And the head make me beg, still that just ain't enough

When I don't trust her, the bitch be lyin' too much

When she be dyin' to fuck me you be buyin' her stuff, ho

[Yaki Kadaifi:]

See girlfriend I know, your whole M.O.'s preoccupied with mostly

Gettin' clown after clown, town coast to coast - see

I been tryin' to stay away from sluts like you

Got me turned off completely by that sheisty shit that you do

Knew from jump yo' aim

Straight through them spandex, don't front just name

Spots on yo' body for me to touch while you clutch this game

I keep flowin' like H20 it ain't nothin' for me to say
Why you keep actin' like a ho? But there you go

[Jazze Pha:]

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[Young Noble:]

Uh, when I first met her I told her I was busy all the time
Now she, callin' me flippin' like she miss me all the time
How she, don't even trip she got a man at home
You need to stop chasin' dick bitch and raise your son
I'm like - damn, we can creep sometime
And you know I'm on the road for like weeks at a time
Girl you're thirsty; and stop callin' while I'm workin' you hurtin' me
All this bullshit is irkin' me girl, but there you go

[Big Syke:]

I blame it on yo' momma, she need to holla at you
But should I blame it on yo' daddy for all the things that you do
Cause there you go, just like a ho, caught in the streets
Like givin' yo' number out to every nigga you meet
I'm tired of the games you playin', so stop playin' (ho)
You hear what I'm saying, you only good for parlayin'
I'm layin' down the rules, this a game that you lose
So the streets can have you baby cause I stay on the move

[Jazze Pha:]

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (there you go!!)
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (actin' like a real ho')
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[2Pac:]

There you go baby girl, that's the story
There you motherfuckin' go
I coulda swore you told me you was gon' change
And you don't wanna go to clubs no more and
You wasn't fin' to dress all crazy no more and
You was gon' stay home and try to chill
What happened baby?
Oh, so yo' friend wanted to go out
That wasn't you that went out
You was just goin' out cause yo' friend was
Okay, so you was pissy drunk up in that nigga car
Cause yo' friend wanted to get drunk huh?

It's all good, cause there you go baby
Oh I ain't trippin' on them niggas callin' the house
It's all good, cause there you go
Me I'ma still be a player, all day baby
So uh, there you go

[Jazze Pha:]

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE!..

Thanks to thuglife for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah Beale, Malcolm Greenidge, Katari Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Shakur, Lee Johnny

2Pac Lyrics

"This Life I Lead"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

In this motherfucking life I lead, shit
A hell of motherfucking road blocks

And crooked cops
We still ride though
What side? Westside

[2Pac:]

I want money in large amounts
My garage full of cars that bounce
Movin' my tapes in major ways, 'cause every dollar counts
Busters is jealous and half these niggas is punks
They runnin' off at the mouth 'til I fill it up with my pump
They jump, my automatic keep 'em wary
Why you frontin' like you Billy Badass? Nigga, you scary
I've been knowin' you for years
We was high school peers, in junior high
I was itchin' to kill, and you was ready to die
While you bullshittin', niggas was dyin' and catchin' cases
Bustin' my automatics at motherfuckers in foreign places
Leavin' no trace, they see my face and they buried
Them bitches die in a hurry, still I ride, I'm never worried
Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride, and I'ma ride
Pick my enemies out the crowd, and motherfuckers die
It's not the way I wanna live, my nigga, it's how it is
Homie got into a fight last night that killed his kids

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Young Noble:]

I ain't a killer but don't push me, dawg
For the family I'll send that ass straight to God
In this life I lead, I seen the most of my 23 years
When vision is blurry, the money is clear
Some of my peers eternally will sleep in a coffin
And when Nob' on the road, I'm extremely cautious
It happen that fast, split second you gone
At the top of my tombstone put "Nob' was raw"
Outlaw 'til I'm under the floor, for Kadaffi the Prince
I stack dough like I clocked all the bricks

With a watch on my wrist, dawg, I know the time these days
We Outlawz, we gon' die this way nigga (nigga)
We already in the history books, 'Pac made sure of that
Whatever you took, we takin' it back
You know it's all for the foundation
Outlawz, we still buildin' the Thug Nation; holla at ya homie!

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Napoleon:]

It ain't nothin' but in-between nuts, oxygen is gettin' hot
Got a problem, old fag-ass nigga, kick rocks
Bin Laden on the phone and that nigga talkin' crazy
I don't know who to blame, him or *Bush* for killin' babies
I'm a New Jerz' Devil, the street, creative rebel
Only got one shot to produce on every level
This is bags I must, go the max I must
Nigga, I came from not much, so money I clutch
Uh-uh, Napoleon the strength of the strong-arm
When they think they was in the right
I prove they movin' wrong
I'm a hardcore product of the ghetto
Been blessed fo' sho' to eat from out the ghetto
I maneuver, in the right lane, quick to push back brains
Switchin' to the left lane, I'm playin' my hands
And I'm plottin' on the fortune, it's gettin' hot and scorchin'
I'm diggin' like a scorpion that torture they enemies

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Kastro:]

Now with this Outlaw lifestyle that I been introduced to
Money and hoes keep us closer to Lucifer
Steady seducin' us and now I'm all for it
This the life for me and the law can't spoil it
So you can call it what the fuck you want
But I'm a ballin' alcoholic with a sawed-off pump
My momma ain't raised no punk; and neither did 'Pac

So when it jump off, I breathe for Yak'
Been puttin' in work, so I walk with a bop
And it ain't safe at home, so I sleep with a Glock (no mistakes)
Thug livin', uh, what the fuck'd be better?
I do my dirt with the family so we dyin' together

[E.D.I.:

We on a mission for mo', gangsta shit on you hoes
We ain't fuckin' with you most
Just crooks and niggas about they flow
Tryin' to live Godzilla
E.D.I. went from a Bad Boy to an anybody killer
Look out, wanted man, guns in hand, stand firm
Nuts and my pride, now let's burn
Bound to the fam going down swingin'
Holding my ground, now we the last ones breathin'
Won't stop until we even deep in the trenches
So many killings it's senseless
So in this life I lead, I stay protected
By God, my squad, and this thing in my palm
Now all my hustlin' motherfuckers, get your money, sing along

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[2Pac:]

This motherfuckin' life I lead, nigga
You know what time it is
Westside, Death Row
(Dogg Pound) e'rybody killer
Bad Boy killer, So So Def killer
Thug Life, Death Row
E'rybody killer; fuck all y'all niggas!
If it ain't Westside, nigga, it ain't poppin'
That's on my mama

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Arnaud Delmar, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Who Do U Believe In"

(feat. Kadaifi (Outlawz))

[Intro: 2Pac]

Let us pray

Heavenly Father, hear a nigga down here

Before I go to sleep

Tell me, who do you believe in?

Who do you believe in?

[Verse One: 2Pac]

I see mothers in black cryin, brothers in packs dyin

Plus everybody's high, too doped up to ask why

Watchin our own downfall, witness the end

It's like we don't believe in God cause we livin in sin

I asked my homie on the block why he strapped, he laughed

Pointed his pistol as the cop car passed and blast

It's just another murder, nobody mourns no more

My tear drops gettin bigger but can't figure what I'm cryin for

Is it the miniature caskets, little babies

Victims of a stray, from drug dealers gone crazy

Maybe it's just the drugs, visions of how the block was

Crack came and it was strange how it rocked us

Perhaps the underlyin fact they hide explain genocide

It's when we ride on our own kind

What is it we all fear, reflections in the mirror

We can't escape fate, the end is gettin nearer

[Chorus 2X: 2Pac]

Who do you believe in?

I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin

And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in

Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Can't close my eyes cause all I see is terror

I hate the man in the mirror

Cause his reflection makes the pain turn realer

Times of Armageddon, murder in mass amounts

In this society where only gettin the cash counts

I started out as a beginner

Entered the criminal lifestyle became a sinner

I make my money and vacate, evade prison

Went from the chosen one to outcast, unforgiven

And all the Hennessy and weed can't hide, the pain I feel inside

You know, it's like I'm livin just to die

I fall on my knees and beg for mercy, not knowin if I'm worthy

Livin life thinkin no man can hurt me

So I'm askin -- before I lay me down to sleep

Before you judge me, look at all the shit you did to me, my misery

I rose up from the slums, made it out the flames

In my search for fame will I change? I'm askin

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Kadafi]

Faith in Allah, believe in me and this plastic
Cause so far I done witnessed to many dead niggaz in caskets
With they chest plates stretched like elastic
And what's worse I'm on front line, holdin down camp, still mashin
Heard my cousin, one of the old heads from the block
Just came home October of '95 back in Yardsville stuck
with a three to five, if he don't act up, now he realize
If you don't stay wise, then in this game you fucked
Talk to my baby girl, give me the word on what she heard
One of the grimmies is snitchin, Diamond a stool pigeon I talked to him
He said he didn't, my man said he did, in fact he's sure
Cause he just came home off of bail

[2Pac] Now tell me

[Chorus]

[Outro: spoken word]

Who do you believe in?
Is it Buddah, Jehovah, or Jah? Or Allah?
Is it Jesus? Is it God? Or is just yourself?
Definately not to be imposed, being a demon
Because this is the joy of believing!
Men, to believe in yourselves
But for sure, the higher power
Besides only to ride in the heart of the true
From the soul, of the man; for truth never has an alibi
In the poetry, or in it's realm
That's what pulls all words together
Just to understand, that every man, is his OWN man
And only man can satisfy the man
Only the soul of the man, the feelings of the man
The for realness of the man
You can't shake the man when you feel the man you know the man
And you gotta call yourself because you are that man

[2Pac]

Who do you believe in?
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin

[singing while 2Pac speaks]

Who do you believe in? Put my faith in God, and
Blessed and still breathin

[singer + (2Pac)]

Even though it's hard (Who do you believe in?)
That's who I believe in (Put my faith in God)
Before I'm leavin (Even though it's hard)
I'm askin the grievin
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)
Who do you believe in? (Who do you believe in?)
Who do you (Blessed and still breathin)

Oh blessed, oh blessed
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

[singer]
Oh who do you
Do you believe in
Hohhhh-ohhhh

[2Pac over singer]
Who do you believe in?
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin
And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in
Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

[singer + (2Pac)]
I'm askin (Who do you believe in?)
I'm askin you (Put my faith in God)
(That's who I believe in)
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

[2Pac]
Who do you believe in?
I'm blessed and still breathin
That's who I believe in
Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin
Who do you believe in?
Who do you believe in? *[echoes to fade]*

Thanks to mack3101 for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"They Don't Give A Fuck About Us"
(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Y'all ain't never just tripped and pictured
And just looked at the whole situation
'Cause once you look at it
You know, (really do)

[2Pac:]

They don't give a fuck about us
They don't give a fuck about us
They don't give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody give a fuck about us
And when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

Some say niggas is hard headed 'cause we love to trick
Equipped with game so we bang with this thuggish shit
I see you tryin' to hide, hopin' that nobody don't notice
You must always remember
You're still a member of the hopeless
See, you're black like me, so you snap like me
When these devils try to plot, trap our young black seeds
Look it, cops are just as crooked as the niggas they chasin'
Lookin' for role models, our father figures is basers
Some say they expect Illuminati take my body to sleep
Niggas at the party with they shotties just as rowdy as me
Before I fear computer chips, I gotta deal with brothers flippin'
I don't see no devils bleedin', only black blood drippin'
We can change; what your mouth say?
I'm watchin' niggas work their lives out without pay
Whatever it takes to switch places with the busters on top
I'm bustin' shots, make the world stop
They don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us

[E.D.I. Mean:]

It's the morning after and now all the laughter is gone
Time to reflect on what you did, 'cause they sayin' you wrong
I'm sure you had your reasons, dawg; I don't doubt you
See, the simple fact of the matter is they don't give a fuck about you
Or them five mouths you forced to feed
Not includin' yourself, all you want is wealth, they perceive it as greed
So as you loaded up that MAC and continue to buck 'em
I was on paper, thinkin' they don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

I'm seein' it clearer, hatin' the picture in the mirror
They claim we inferior, so why the fuck these devils fear ya?
I'm watchin' my nation die, genocide the cause
Expect a blood bath, the aftermath is y'all's
I told you, last album, we need help cause we dyin'
Give us a chance, help us advance, 'cause we tryin'
Ignore my whole plea, watchin' us in disgust
And then they beg when my guns bust
They don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us

[Kastro:]

Now, all my homies got love for me
Down to catch a slug for me
Guaranteed to bleed deeply, now that's love
Shit, nobody else could give a fuck
If I'm tore down, from the floor down, six-feet deep in the cut
What the fuck done went wrong?
How long will I be mourned?
When I'm gone, same song, ain't gave a fuck all along
And who am I to blame 'em?
Just do or die through the rainin'
Since they don't give a fuck, I don't; feel what I'm sayin'?

[Kadafi:]

Now, thug niggas die but multiply in doubles
Wrapped in plastic or closed casket for our troubles
Pressed in times, we busted, like bubbles
With the police, this nation's peace sent here to run you
Now look at what this crooked world has come to
I grew up on the other side of perfect, a life of hurtin'
Man, I still hustle, so I'm dyin' certain
So I spent your time in poor and workin', I see no reason
So I stay ballin' season to season
Why you stuck thinkin' that they give a fuck?

[Napolean:]

You tell me my world is in peace, but nigga, you're lyin'
'Cause half of my niggas long gone
Buried in the dirt just for tryin'
Sometimes I think my block is dyin' and that is awful
To wake up to another day, shit ain't changed that's all fool
I wake up sweatin', dreamin', coughin'
Seein' me upside down backwards head twisted
While I'm layin' in the coffin
The shit comes around so often; so tell me somethin'
Before I take it out on the world, and get to dumpin'
Nigga, I been so through pain, go through the struggle
Doin' the same thing you did at my age, and that's hustlin'
On the edge of straight bustin'
Well, since you don't give a fuck, I be frontin'
And I'ma drink my Hennessy like it ain't nothin'

[2Pac:]

If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
They don't gives a fuck about us
But while I'm kickin' rhymes
Kick it to their children's minds
Now they give a fuck about us
They wanna see us die
They kick us every time we try
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
So while I'm gettin' high
I'm watchin' as the world goes by
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
They don't gives a fuck about us
But while I'm kickin' rhymes
Kick it to their children's minds
Now they give a fuck about us
They wanna see us die
They kick us every time we try
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
So while I'm gettin' high
I'm watchin' as the world goes by
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
Rise... rise

2Pac Lyrics

"Outro"

Expect me like you expect Jesus to come back
Expect me nigga, I'm comin'